

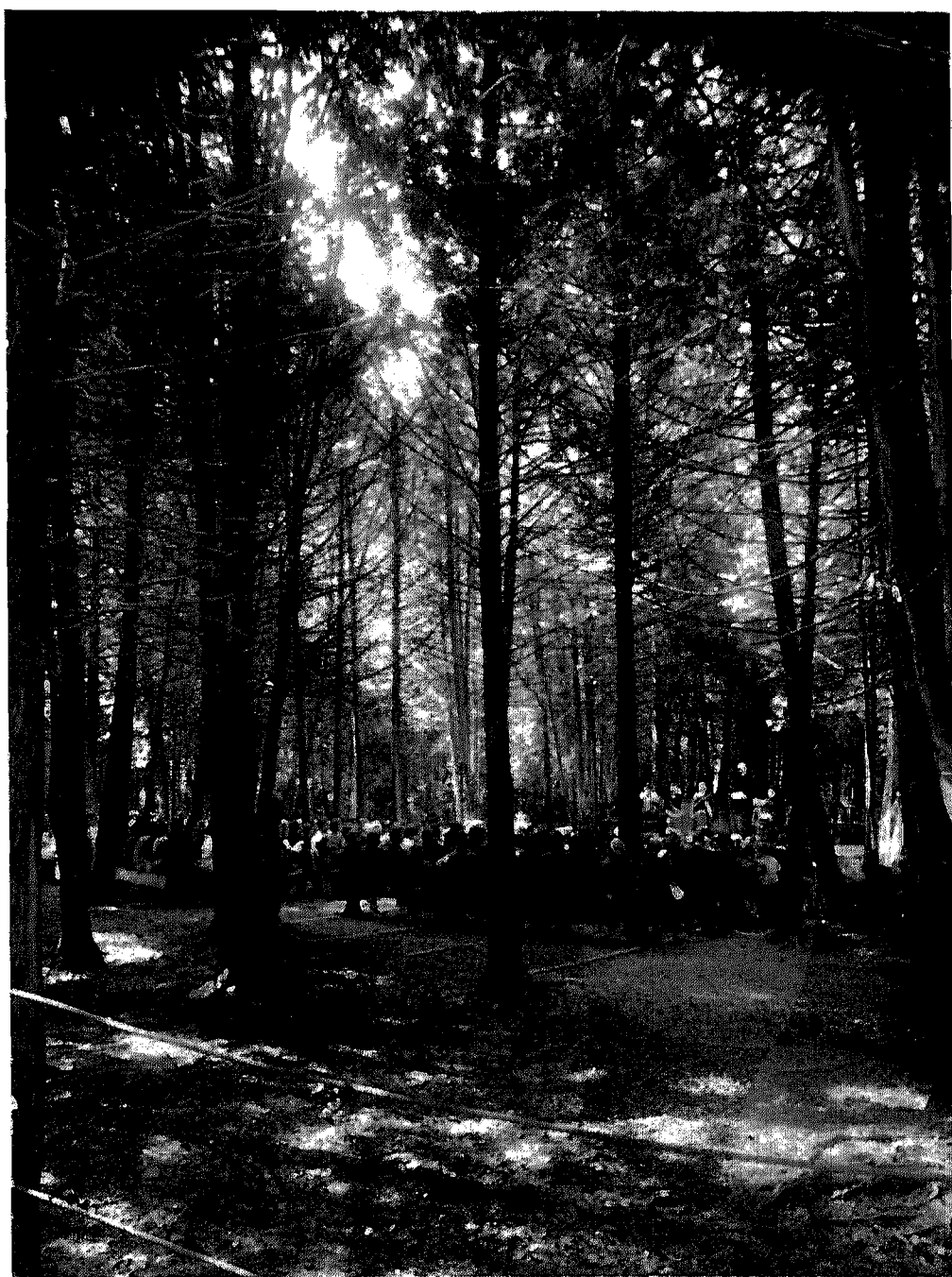
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TORONTO, AUGUST 31, 1968

Price Ten Cents

the war cry

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND BERMUDA



Worship in the woods

The Prayer of a Tree

I am the heart of your hearth on the cold winter nights, and the friendly shade screening you from the summer sun, and my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as you journey on.

I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your table, the bed on which you lie and the timber that builds your boat.

I am the handle of your hoe and the door of your homestead; the wood of your cradle and the shell of your coffin.

I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty.

Ye who pass by listen to my prayer, harm me not.

This label has been used on trees in forest reservations of Portugal for over a thousand years.

IN accord with the explicit teaching of Jesus, the Salvationist believes that God's dwelling is not restricted to temples made by hands; and he further believes that temples made by hands, made even prayerfully to the glory of God, do not thereby become sacred or holy. They become and remain God's dwelling only to the extent that people

with pure hearts worship within them.

Countless people justify their unconscious patronage of God or their religious superstition with the assertion: "But you don't have to go to church to be good." And, of course, they are right; the costly moral crusading of many an atheist or agnostic puts the insipid respectability of some

believers to shame. This was a criticism of Dick Sheppard's; that the people within the Church were so like the people without that they actually hindered the cause of Christ. True or false, such a generalization underlines one irrefutable fact—that goodness is not the monopoly of Christians. Some people who never go to church are undeniably good.

But the desire to be made good is not (or should not be) the Christian's first reason for going to church. He goes simply to worship God. If, as a natural consequence of this, his virtues are refined and strengthened, he is grateful; but still his motive for worship is not self-improvement; it is God's "worth-shipness".

—FRED BROWN

the war cry

CANADA AND BERMUDA

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William Booth, Founder
Frederick Coutts, General
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20 Albert Street, Toronto 1,
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Clarence D. Wiseman, Territorial
Commander

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IN THIS ISSUE

IT is more than coincidence that Major Ed Read's Bible comments this week touch upon the true meaning of "holy" and "profane" (p. 3, col. 4), for this issue will be read by many on Labour Day. Traditionally holy days have been days from which all labour is excluded as far as possible; and holy days have been corrupted to holidays in more than terminology.

Yet if you will turn to the story by George Wheeler (p. 9) you will read how that, in the labour of drawing water, the well became for him as holy a place as the well of Sychar (John 4). As we are reminded on page 1, when we have a worshipful heart every place can become holy ground. Holidays and working days can be worshipping days and therefore holy days.

On page 3 we print another story for our Italian friends. We would like to hear from readers (even if they have to write in Italian) whether they find this useful.



Lieut.-Colonel Simister turns the first
seed for the Ellobicake development.
(See page 8)

EDITORIAL:

Sense and Censors

READERS of this column sometimes suggest that we should use it more often for forthright denunciation of sin. Pressed for clarification they usually pinpoint the target as drink, gambling, sabbath desecration, worldly amusements or sex. Others, particularly Salvationists, ask for precise definitions as to what is permissible regarding Sunday, or in the choice of sports and amusements, or what we do about divorce.

First of all, we would say that forthright denunciation is only one kind of reaction to sin—and not a very creative one at that. Second, all sins which could be classified under the subjects indicated above constitute but a small, though very obvious, portion of the evil that is in the world; and drawing noisy attention to the mote in our brother's eye can cause us to overlook the beam in our own. Thirdly, the Holy Spirit wants to guide us in the ordering of our lives but He also expects us to develop a moral sense.

Although Jesus rarely mentioned the word "sin" his reaction to it was to deepen men's conception of evil almost to the point of transforming it. He did not so much denounce the sins of the flesh—often the only ones which really shock us; He recognized the appalling danger to which men expose themselves by cultivating the dispositions and appetites of which these things are the fruit. No constraint on fleshly desires could be too drastic when it could save a man from damnation. When Christ spoke of lust it was not so much sex as His description of an attitude to material goods of every kind, the attitude directly opposed to that which God

demand; not merely selfishness which leads to unchastity, but selfishness which is the root of much else—the tenth commandment rather than the seventh.

Jesus turns His searching light upon men's lives not to condemn them or hold them up for reprobation, but that they might see that they, too, are infected by sin's disease and can be healed if they will only admit it. This is the creative reaction. "... And though we're sinners every one, Jesus died."

Some Christians can find precise definitions on conduct in the Scriptures, although it has to be conceded that on some subjects—Sunday observance, for example—their interpretations change from generation to generation and country to country. Roman Catholics have been content to accept their priests' guidance in defining sin, although the reaction to the recent papal encyclical on birth control shows that there is an unwillingness to accept every ruling. So would it be if the Army tried to legislate on everything...

The list of sins noted by Jesus in Mark 7:21-22 closes with "folly". This has been translated as "moral insensibility", which equally defiles the man who consistently rejects the higher claims of goodness. The only escape from it is to cultivate a quickened conscience which will respond to God's ever more demanding standards of life and service. This bears no relation to a guilt complex arising from a pre-occupation with the minutiae of everyday conduct. The one becomes a life-releasing force; the other becomes a burden grievous to be borne.

The Joystings Bow Out

● Though it was hoped that the Joystings would be able to visit Canada, the disbanding of this internationally known group in July made the event impossible. Still, there is compensation in the knowledge that their leader, Captain Joy Webb, is to tour the territory in November.

Since the demise of the Joystings, Captain Webb has been appearing in what music-hall impresarios would term a single act. At a musical festival in London she sang solos to her own guitar accompaniment with the backing of Joystings' drummer Wycliffe Noble and with Clifford Grinstead at the electric organ.

In one sense the Joystings went out in a blaze of glory at the Fairfield Hall, Croydon, but it was not just the kind of adulation which people who like their kind of music are prone to give. One youthful member of the audience claims to have travelled 3,500 miles in Britain's tight little island to be present at 90 Joystings performances; but in their five years of playing to packed halls the group have had their fill of acclamation. The glory was that which crowns the Mercy Seat.

At the end of their first meeting—at Camberwell in March, 1963—young people flocked to the Penitent-form. After a three-hour-long programme, when people had paid a high admission fee to hear them, their last appearance ended as a prayer meeting with a score of young people seeking the Saviour. "It was all so right

and so much in harmony with the purposes of this remarkable group," comments the *War Cry* reporter.

● "I am willing to see used in the service of the Christian faith any method which, congruent with the spirit of that faith, can propagate it," said the General in answer to a query whether the Joystings had been exploiting a gimmick. This was asked on a radio programme, "The Joystings' Story" when, finally, Captain Webb told the interviewer that in the recollection of people won for Christ she saw vindication of what the group had sought to do.

● The international *War Cry* has held a competition inviting essays on "What the Joystings did for me", whereby readers described how they were moved, inspired and challenged by the group's ministry.

At the farewell meeting of the Joystings a mother testified to the change in her home following her husband's initial contact with the Army through the group's visit to Gloucester. As a result the whole family, including five children aged eight to seventeen, are Salvationists.

● Later this year Hodder and Stoughton are bringing out a paperback *This is Joy*. The publishers feel that the personal story of Captain Webb would be attractive to young people after the fashion of their recent success with the story of Cliff Richard, converted pop singer who has assisted Dr. Billy Graham.

● The interdenominational religious weekly *The British Weekly* gave the Joystings front-page coverage. John Mountjoy quotes Captain Webb on the new medium:

"I think there is some sort of communication which is mid-stream, not as far out as a group, not as traditional as a brass band or a choir. This, wherever and whatever it is, can be made to sound commercial, made to look commercial and made to be reaching the millions who need its message."

In her responsibility for Rhythm Group Evangelism she is determined to find the answer.

Youth Year Congress in Great Britain

● Among the young people who took part in youth councils conducted by General Coutts at the Royal Albert Hall, London, was Songster Dianne Pindred of Wychwood (Toronto). Other international participants were a scoutmaster from the Netherlands, a member of a timbrel brigade from San Francisco and another girl from Hamburg, Germany. Songs were contributed by the New Jersey (U.S.A.) Youth Band and the Utrecht North Rhythm Group.

The councils were the main event of a week's activities clim-

(Continued on page 10)

Dig that hole and make it deep

Does Labour Day 1968 have any real relevance today? Read what ED JARVIS has to say about the meaning of work.

THE roughnecks grunt as the strain of maneuvering an unruly drill tells on them. They are tired and the slippery ooze of wet mud, rod grease and the ever-present water doesn't make the job easier. This is the crucial moment and the diamond-tipped bit has to be lowered carefully into the pipe-thin shaft.

There's oil down there, boys! Barrels and barrels of it and it's going to be tapped now! No dry hole this one! Armed with the geologist's survey and the latest

drilling equipment, who minds pouring half-a-million down a hole in order to make five million?

The men who handle the rigs, and those who make the executive decisions, are united in a common labour. They know what work is. They get paid well for what they do, but the work has to produce.

The day is gone, we hope, when those who work for their living are classed as "labourers" by the indolent rich and dismissed as a lower form of species. The truth of the matter is that no idle person is really happy. All people, everywhere, are united in the great common need to have something to do.

Labour Day is a time to reflect upon this common bond of work; a time to do away with militant exclusiveness and a time to pack up the outdated fears and unrealistic concepts.

But these things don't happen by themselves. Human nature is simply not good enough to do these seemingly impossible things. The bright spot in all this is that God too is at work in the world. Sure, we call earthquakes and



hurricanes "acts of God" but the real acts of God are in human lives. God's best work is done in the mind and soul of a person when He saves that person from

basic selfishness and makes him a new creation.

Labour Day 1968 is the time when you should think of having God's work done in your own life.

New Day

I thank You, God, for this, another chance

To try again; and now, more earnestly, While shade of failure slants across the heart—

Chastisement for my inconsistency.

I thank You for the will to start anew, Seeking to prove me worth the love You've shown.

How weary You must grow of wayward feet,

So slow to learn they lose the path, alone.

—Webb Dycus

For Sinners only!

SOME time ago I was talking to a fellow about farming (not that I know much about it) and we got to discussing how nature is pretty quick about reclaiming cleared land that has

not been tended. Then my friend made a statement which, although it applied strictly to our conversation, has a much wider meaning. He said, "One thing I've found is that when cleared land has gone wild it's always twice as hard to get it into shape as it was in the first place."

I think a statement like that describes more than a patch of ground; it also accurately describes some people. What I mean is that there are people who had a little touch of religion when they were young, but now won't have anything to do with God or the church at all.

Perhaps someone gave them a hard time and they got fed up and quit! Maybe they thought it was more fun to sin than it was to build a complete life. Some of them probably let that early important experience with God die through neglect.

Now, in later years, some of these people have realized the foolishness of their youth and, deep in heart, want to get back to God. But it's hard! The habits of the years are very ingrained and not easy to change. It's not that these people doubt God's power to change them as much as they doubt their own inability to be changed.

Will you remember this: that the battle is the Lord's? It says so in the Bible. Just ask Him to change you and then believe it has been done. The beginning isn't the completion; but a start has been made.

—JEREMIAH

UNA DONNA IN FABRICA

MENTRE i torni ronzano i cingoli girano, e la macchina trema, l'olio ci unge; il ritmo accelera, ci afferra interamente. La nostra vita, con le gioie e i dolori, coi dolci ricordi e preoccupazioni, col suo destino si ritrae da noi; raggiunge nell'armadio gli indumenti personali e la ritroveremo appiccicata fra le pieghe del vestiario.

Ci lascia nell'attesa e ognuna di noi, bagnata d'olio e di sudore, sta davanti alla propria macchina, le mani pronte, gli occhi vigili, lo sforzo teso, viene trascinata dalla stessa cadenza come la spuma di una medesima ondata. Non c'è più la bruna, o la bionda o la rossiccia, né Marietta, né Laura, né Matilde, c'è il laboratorio ove macchine e donne formano un insieme obbediente allo stesso movimento.

Non amiamo il nostro lavoro. Amiamo il lavoro quando si crea, quando ci mettiamo parte di noi stesse. Non il resto. Ci piace il lavoro che è nostro, che

vogliamo perfezionare. Ci piace cucire, lavare, far la maglia, cucinare, ci piace ciò che plasmiamo con le nostre mani. Ci piace disporre i colori sulla tavola, la cera sui mobili, l'acqua insaponata sul pavimento. Ci piace fare il bucato, lustrare le scarpe, mondare i legumi, insomma far pulizia, curare l'estetica, preparare il cibo, anche se si tratta di cose umili. Tanto più ci rallegriamo di quelle cose se ci mettiamo il nostro buon gusto, il cuore e lo spirito. Non ci piace servire una macchina che viene regolata una volta per sempre, della quale non si comprende nulla e che fabbrica sempre le stesse cose; alla quale si adattano i nostri movimenti. Il cuore e lo spirito sono assenti; solo i muscoli si contraggono e si allentano secondo lo stesso ritmo ed il sangue, che batte febbrilmente, segue quel ritmo. E' il ritmo che comanda, ci possiede e siamo come fuse in una stessa obbedienza incosciente, ob-

bedienza della carne e del sangue, che fa del laboratorio un solo corpo.

Quando la cadenza si arresta, essa rimane in noi ancora qualche istante. Se in quell'istante qualcuna grida, tutte le altre gridano, se da una gola parte una risata, tutte le fanno eco.

Poi il silenzio ci separa. Ciascuna riprende la propria vita, rivestendo i propri abiti.

— Il ritmo meccanico non rinnova forse nella foresta di ferro la comunione magica della carne e del sangue che il tam, tam... compie nella foresta dei primitivi?

La danza frenetica faceva della tribù un solo corpo, offerto in sacrificio alle forze elementari della natura vergine. La danza meccanica fa di noi un sol corpo offerto in sacrificio alle razionalizzate dell'officina moderna.

— L'estrema civilizzazione non raggiunge, su un piano diverso, la vecchia barbarie?

Marcella Capi

BIBLE SCHOOL

Endurance through hope

CENTRAL to the final three chapters of Hebrews is 11:40: "God having provided some better thing for us. . . ." The better thing is a better experience, an inner enjoyment of Jesus that surpasses anything possible in the pre-Christian era.

First, the better achievement of faith is discussed. There are many religious and broad-minded people who feel that faith is a virtue in itself. They think that believing is better than cynicism, no matter what you believe. Sam Slick, the Nova Scotia clockmaker (created by T. C. Haliburton) observed, "Suppose you do believe too much—it is safer than believing too little".

The faith of the Old Testament worthies (ch. 11), was neither so conniving nor so naive. For them, the content of faith was important. It was not a matter of believing anything and everything so as to be called a believer. Their faith consisted in responding to what God had said.

They believed unwaveringly and achieved mightily. Abraham received, miraculously, the promised son. Moses and Joshua led the people, miraculously, into possession of the promised land. It was no lack of faith which delayed the fulfilment of the promise of eternal inheritance in glory, but simply that the fact that in their day, Christ's time had not yet come. For us has been reserved the surpassing privilege of knowing Christ personally; it is in this accomplishment that our faith is greater than theirs. All this is implied in chapter eleven.

Now, in chapter 12 we move to the theme of hope. To begin with, note the emphasis on "endured" (vs. 2, 3) and "endure" (vs. 7, 20). Troubles and trials have to be borne, but they are endurable because of the end in view. We both expect and desire that the difficulties, hard as they are to bear, will give way to glory, and that the net result of all we must pass through will be good. That is, we have hope. "Discipline, no doubt, is never pleasant; at the time it seems painful, but in the end it yields for those who have been trained by it the peaceful harvest of an honest life" (v. 11. N.E.B.).

IN CHRIST BETTER ENDURANCE THROUGH HOPE (12:1-29)

From verses 1 to 17, the emphasis falls on endurance. There are three movements:

- I vs. 1-4, the Christian life is an endurance race.
- II vs. 5-11, the believer is to endure chastening.
- III vs. 12-17, the brethren should be helped to endure.

I. Look at the race believers run. We are not competing for the prize; a prize is implied for all who finish well. The runner requires:

- decision —let us
- discipline —lay aside every weight
- determination—let us run with patience

As the athlete must divest himself of excess weight, so must the Christian runner. Any pursuit which absorbs the mind, or affection which engages the heart, though innocent in itself, may have to be laid aside because it is a handicap and hindrance to spiritual excellence. Patience is called for, too; it is not a short dash to glory, but a distance race calling for endurance.

The transition from faith in chapter 11 to hope in chapter 12 is accomplished smoothly. There are two main connections:

- 1. The heroes of faith had trials (11:36-38). Persecuted and slain, nevertheless because of their faith they live and are now perfected. They encompass us now as a "great

future blessedness should sustain believers under the strain and stress of the evils of this present time" (Hewitt).

II. Now, in verses 5 to 11, we are urged to endure trials in the light of the Father's love. Proverbs 3:11, 12 is quoted to show that the difficulties of life are to be regarded as the chastening of God, educating, instructing and refining the believer. The metaphor is no longer that of the race course, but of the home, where the father corrects his children.

Vs. 5, 6 Chastening is disciplinary, fitting us to run well. We are neither to despise it, as though God were not behind it, nor to drift into despondency, for God never tries anyone beyond his strength.

THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS

(No. 28)—by Major Ed Read

cloud of witnesses". Many writers have suggested that they are heavenly spectators, like the crowd in a great amphitheatre, observing our progress in life's race, but that does not seem to be taught here. Rather they are witnesses who testify by their living that they have borne witness to the possibility of a life of faith and endurance. Recalling their sacrifices, we are able to see our own trials in clearer perspective.

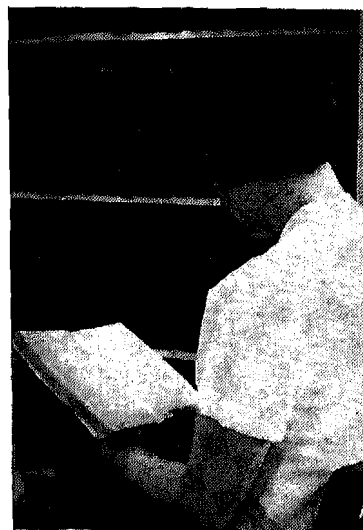
2. Jesus is the Author of faith (v. 2). The original word (Greek *archegos*) has numerous meanings, reflected in the various English translations: Pioneer, Prince, Source. Two main ideas seem implied by the context. One is that He is the supreme example of faith. After the long catalogue of men renowned for faith, the writer may have had in mind Jesus as the outstanding Exemplar of faith. In Him faith reached its highest point. The other idea is that Jesus is the origin or source of faith. Through Him faith is possible to others. As Pioneer, Jesus stands at the head of the long procession of those who believe. It was He who opened up the way for the Old Testament saints to follow, as He does for us today. And having commenced faith, he brings it to completion. That is what Finisher implies. On him "faith depends from start to finish" (N.E.B.). In earlier ages faith commenced, but in this Christian dispensation it comes to its fullest development.

In claiming that, the writer has been looking back to chapter 11. Now, looking to the theme of chapter 12, he says that Jesus is the supreme example of hope, too. Because of the joy which would reward His sufferings, Jesus endured the Cross. "In like manner the prospect of

Vs. 7, 8 Chastening is a proof of sonship. The trials that come are part of our moral training, and are from the hand of fatherly love.

Vs. 9-11 Chastening is a help to holiness. During our childhood, our fathers disciplined us according to their own judgment, which at times was capricious and often faulty. God's discipline is advised by ultimate wisdom and tenderest love; its purpose is our highest spiritual welfare.

The Soldier's Armoury comments: "To say that adversity is God's loving discipline is not to suggest that He necessarily sends it. But, accepted as such, He uses it to train the soul. The Christian . . . refuses to walk around trials, wallow in self-pity, or endure in stoic silence. Rather he wonders what God is trying to say to his soul and, throwing himself upon divine resources, so lives that from the other side of the challenge he is free of shame or regret."



III. Verses 12 to 17 continue the theme. Fellow-believers are to be helped to endure. Discipline has brought discouragement to some of them, "wherefore, lift up the hands which hang down". Dangers beset the Christian. We are to take care lest (a word repeated four times) these lead to tragedy. It is for us to help the imperilled.

V. 13 "Lest that which is lame be turned out of the way." This is the danger of discouragement. In every congregation there are people who hobble along, spiritually, with dislocated feet. The cranky and the immature are ever with us, but more balanced believers should avoid irritation or derision and offer encouragement instead.

V. 15 "Lest any man fail of the grace of God". Backsliding is fearfully possible; the safeguard against it is to promote godly living, and to emphasize the essentiality of following the Lord closely. "Lest any root of bitterness trouble you". The third danger is that of dissension; an unworthy member in the Church is like a poisonous weed. Two virtues were called for in verse 14, peace and purity, or harmony and holiness. They answer to the two problems of verse 15. Holiness is the answer to backsliding, harmony the corrective for the dissension spread by a "root of bitterness".

V. 16 "Lest there be any fornicator or profane person". This is the danger of becoming, like Esau, secular-minded and apostate. "Profane" here has its old meaning of secular; it indicates that Esau counted holy things common. (Profanum, from Latin, means outside the fane, or temple. An area of land around the temple was open to all. Inside the fane was a sacred enclosure. Esau had no such sacred place in his life, and this sense was a secular man.) So little did he appreciate spiritual blessing that he sold his birthright for a morsel of meat. He regretted his hasty action later, but it proved irrevocable.

It should, of course, be borne in mind that the rejection of Esau and his failure to find a place of repentance does not mean that he was eternally lost. It is not said that he could not find God's forgiveness, but simply that he could not recover the lost privileges of the first-born son.

Nevertheless, it is "true that the writer to the Hebrews presents the episode as an object lesson to warn his readers not to trifle with their heavenly heritage as sons of God by becoming earthly minded, after the example of profane Esau. As Esau lost the temporal heritage which might have been his, so the writer warns Christians that they may lose the heavenly heritage which is theirs" (Shank).

Let the words of my mouth,
and the meditation of my
heart, be acceptable in Thy
sight, O Lord, my strength,
and my redeemer. (Psalm
19:14)

Faith — and the hazards of time

LET me give to you the lines . . .

*When as a child I wept and slept
Time crept.
When as a boy I laughed and talked,
Time walked.
When I became a full-grown man
Time ran.
As older still I daily grew
Time flew. . . .*

Of course we all know this, even if we are not able to express our thoughts so briefly and so clearly.

But hear two men who have met again after a long absence, "Bless my soul, Jack, it doesn't seem twelve months since we last saw each other. How time rolls by!"

Or listen to two mothers chatting about their children. "My! When I saw your girl at the school prize-giving I could hardly believe my eyes. She's grown up overnight. What grade is she in now? You don't say so! She has come on since I saw her a year ago. How time flies!"

Or hear some old hand speak at the retirement dinner when the firm gives him a gold watch for long and faithful service. "Only seems like yesterday", he will say, "since I first entered the yard as an apprentice."

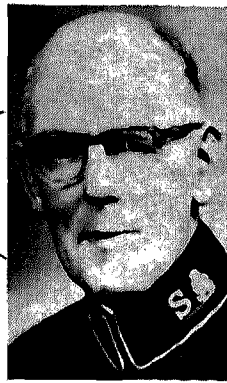
We can't escape from time. There is the 7:32 which we must catch on weekday mornings. Why doesn't this train run on time? School for the children begins at nine o'clock. Must get them ready in time. And then there is the CBC time signal. . . .

The truth is that we have to reckon with time. We may waste time. We can try to kill time. But time is the context in which we live and move and have our being.

It may come home to us that the hands of the clock can deceive us. They move round and round, day after day, as if time were a circle which we could tread and retread and tread again. But time is an one-way street. There is no retracing our steps.

The clock hands do *not* return to the same twelve again and again. It is a different twelve every time. We could more properly think of time as a horizontal measurement, not a circular one. But that alarm clock aids and abets the illusion that the 6:30 a.m. ring is always the same 6:30. It is not. Time is for ever push-

a message by GENERAL FREDERICK COUTTS



ing us along in one direction. We can look back, but we cannot turn back. And maybe as we look back the fear seizes us that we have been wasting time or mis-using time. And what we have misspent is gone beyond recall. But if we cannot redeem the time wasted in the past, at least we can learn how better to cope with time for the future.

As the Joystings have sung:

*Have faith in God.
Commit your life to Him.
His love will never fail.*

This is the answer to that old enemy, time. For time ceases to be an anxiety when we commit ourselves to Him who is Lord of time.

I know this calls for an act of faith—but then I do not regard faith as a dirty word. Why should I?—when faith is a quality daily exercised in the realm of personal relationships, almost without giving it a second thought.

A husband and wife who genuinely care for one another may be separated at the call of business or duty for weeks, or even months, at a stretch. But they go on believing in each other. Never does the thought arise that either would deliberately be unfaithful. And if they thus continue to believe in each other, it is not just because there exists a legal form which on a specific date in the past they both signed, and their signatures were duly witnessed, but because of their

present confidence in each other—a confidence which is born of their knowledge of one another.

So the faith that delivers us from the fear of time is not primarily faith in a creed. Creeds have their place. They are human attempts to define in human language those spiritual realities which transcend definition.

So I make no snide remarks about church creeds. For that matter, who could define time after the manner of the creeds? Poets have tried to describe what time does. Time is like an ever-rolling stream. Time's an old gypsy man. Time is a thief. Time has a devouring hand. Time has a winged chariot. Descriptions many; but a single satisfactory definition . . . ?

The realities of time and eternity are always greater than any definitions of them. But the faith which enables a man to triumph over the hazards of time is not reliance upon some impersonal abstraction, not trust in those mythical deities variously called Fate, or Chance, or Luck; but in a personal committal to the God and Father of us all who, as the Scripture says, in the fulness of time made Himself known in our

Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Join me in a prayer then as we ask Him to receive our lives into His care.

O God, You who are the Creator of both time and eternity, we thank You for having made Yourself known in Jesus. To Your love we now commit ourselves. Of Your mercy we ask forgiveness for our sins. By Your grace help us for the future to desire that which is good and to shun all that is evil. In Christ's name, Amen.

QUIET MOMENTS

Faith in the Valley

PERIODS of high spiritual exaltation have come to most Christian people. They may have lasted for days or for only an hour. The memory of these occasions remains as highlights of our experience.

We often make a mistake in striving for their recurrence. We tend to strain after them. All strain is wrong. Quite often God takes us up to these mountain tops to equip us for some rather dreary bit of work down in the valley. Almost every period of exaltation is followed by a time in the valley.

But God is not less with us in the valley because we do not feel the breath of His Spirit blowing upon us. Indeed, it is just the bit of drudgery in the valley, done with quiet confidence that He is there, which fits us for the mountain-top experience. Some people cannot face the valley without panic. Unless they feel God near they begin to think He has forsaken them.

We walk in the valley by faith—the evidence of things we can neither see nor feel. God expects us, after we have got out of the kindergarten, to be able to walk without the "feel" of His hand in ours. God loves to get people who can be trusted to go on quietly and without fear even when there is no visible or sensible sign of His nearness.

Can you walk in the valley without a sense of strain? Then you will find your road leading naturally again to the mountain top. Valleys surround every mountain top.

PRAYER SUBJECT: The selfish whose egotism is so well disguised that they see no need for change.

PRAYER: Our Father, we acknowledge our deep-seated love of self, hidden from even our own eyes. Teach us to love as Christ loves that we may be shaken out of our egotism by the sorrows and distresses of others. Humble our spirits by the sight of nobility and self-sacrifice in quiet saints, often unacknowledged by the world.



DRUGS - bane and blessing

1 - The Situation Today

THE word "drug" originally meant any substance, other than food, intended for use in the diagnosis, cure, treatment or prevention of disease. It includes any article or substance recognised in the pharmacopoeia. In this sense a chemist is a druggist. But the word "drug" has of late gained a sinister meaning and popular parlance links it with substances that have a harmful effect or that must be taken to satisfy a craving.

The word "addiction" has become associated with the word "drug", again in the popularly accepted sense that the repeated taking of drugs always leads to a compulsive habit. This may not be the case. There is no doubt that there is a marked increase in the taking of drugs in recent years.

In the last two years in Australia there has been an increase in prescriptions written for barbiturates and hypnotic drugs from 8.8 per cent to 12.4 per cent of all drugs prescribed. Australia rivals U.S.A. in its per capita consumption of analgesic and calming drugs. Drug addiction has become one of the most serious social questions of the decade. Australian cities have already reached Stage 1 of a drug-plagued society. Stage 2 is the over-use and misuse of amphetamines and barbiturates and an increase in alcoholism.

Drug-taking is by no means a new problem. It has been with man since the birth of time, but the present danger is that it is no longer the practice of isolated individuals or eclectic groups; it has now assumed epidemic proportions and is affecting wide strata of society in all so-called civilized countries of the world.

Opium smoking has been practised for centuries in India, China and South-East Asia. The North American Indians knew the intoxicating effect of Peyotal, derived from the root of the cactus (Mescaline), and the Aztec Indian used the "sacred" mushroom in religious ceremonies. Many great works of art and lit-

erature were conceived under the influence of drugs. It is only necessary to mention the names of Lord Byron, Edgar Allan Poe, Thomas de Quincey and Samuel Taylor Coleridge to realize the subtlety of the argument that drugs have a stimulating mystical effect.

The warning sign to the mental health of civilization today, however, is the popularisation of this habit by such intellectuals as Aldous Huxley, who advocated it

in religious services in a private chapel and experience so-called "mind - expanding" sensations likened to spiritual exaltation. Dr. Timothy Leary has been described as the high priest and Aldous Huxley the prophet of this drug-cult based on hallucinogens.

The world of jazz has for years openly adopted drug-taking, and the world of art has admittedly and unashamedly been influenced by drugs and has at times actively championed its cause. The world of the negro ghetto and of slumdom in the U.S.A. has been the

By A. BRAMWELL COOK

B.A., M.D. (N.Z.), F.R.C.S. (Edin.), M.R.C.P. (Lond.), F.R.A.C.S., D.T.M. and H. (Eng.).

Lieut.-Commissioner Cook, now living in retirement in his homeland, New Zealand, was Chief Medical Officer at a Salvation Army hospital in India for many years.

in his celebrated book *Brave New World* and described his experiences with Mescaline in his books *The Doors Of Perception* and *Heaven And Hell*. Such advocacy has led to the establishment of a new religious cult in the U.S.A., based on drug-induced mysticism. The devotees take L.S.D. or Psilocybin (from "sacred" mushrooms of Mexico)

breeding ground of addiction. But it is another thing when "pop" singers, the acknowledged leaders of fashion among youth, take up the matter and weave references in their popular lyrics to drug-taking.

The word "psychedelic" with all its associations is freely used in press reviews of "pop" records. As a consequence, there has been

an alarming development in the identification of the worlds of "pop" and "drugs" in the minds of young people.

The statistics of the Sydney Drug Squad record a greater toll of young Australian lives due to drugs than the Vietnam war has caused. The number of addicts is rising alarmingly and the average age is dropping just as rapidly. In 1961, 33 Sydney people were charged with drug offences; 1965, 57 were arrested and in 1966, 121 and in 1967, 190. Of 221 addicts arrested in Sydney by the drug squad, 136 were addicted to amphetamines ("pep pills"), ninety-nine were on barbiturates ("goof balls"); 100 smoked marijuana ("pot"); 31 were L.S.D. users ("acid"); 14 used cocaine ("coke"); 7 were on heroin ("horse").

In U.S.A., it is estimated that there are: 5 million alcoholics; 10 million smoking marijuana; 10 million taking amphetamines; 20 million taking barbiturates; three million taking tranquilizers; and 60,000 heroin addicts. It must not be overlooked that alcohol still constitutes the greatest drug problem both by addiction and by all its social and criminological implications.

Use and Abuse

Drugs or medicines in the wider sense of the words are meant to be used for beneficial purposes only. There is a correct use for every reputed medicine or drug. If any medicine or drug is not calculated to serve a beneficial function its use is prohibited or abandoned. Any drug or medicine which passes the scrutiny of medical science as helpful to man in his search for health has its limitations of use and dosage set and these limitations can only be broken with resulting possible harm.

The problem then is not the use of drugs but the abuse of drugs. There are many simple drugs which are very helpful in the alleviation of symptoms such

(Continued on page 10)

"War Cry" Crossword

ACROSS

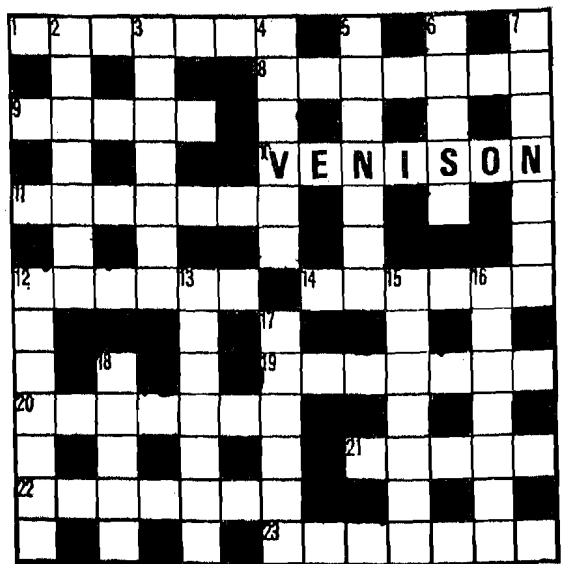
1. Rather big, to put it mildly.
8. Clothing.
9. Campers' delight.
10. Meat.
11. Source of metal for my money (3, 4).
12. It encourages education and culture.
14. Apparently not.
19. Result of measles?
20. Ruler.
21. Guide.
22. China producer.
23. High-flown.

DOWN

2. Probably Spanish.
3. Falls.
4. Cowardly.
5. Admire with intensity.
6. Animal.
7. Punched pattern.
12. Rough looks.
13. Son of Philip.
15. Belonging to the union.
16. Woodland flower.
17. Short saint supplicates and sprinkles.
18. They come up and come out and you go to them.

SOLUTION TO THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE

ACROSS: 1. TITANIC, 8. RAIMENT, 9. TENTS, 10. VENISON, 11. TIN MINE, 12. UNESCO, 14. DENIAL, 19. PIMPLES, 20. EMPEROR, 21. PILOT, 22. POTTERY, 23. STILLED. DOWN: 2. IBERIAN, 3. AUTUMNS, 4. CRAVEN, 5. LIONIZE, 6. BEAST, 7. STENCIL, 12. UNKEMPT, 13. CHARLES, 15. NUPITAL, 16. ANEMONE, 17. SPRAYS, 18. SPOTS.



Right: Among those present at the music camp at Camp Selkirk were (left to right): Major Robert Chapman (DYS), B/M Harold Stuck (camp leader), Dept. B/M Jim McLaughlin, B/M Reg. Broughton and Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Moulton (DC). Below: Major Joseph Craig (TYS) presents Starr Wembwell with her Honour Student award. Runner-up Ronald Ferris stands behind her. Bottom: At the Northern Ontario Division's music camp, Honour Student Linda McLeod (left) and top vocal student Judith Visser are seen with Captain Peter Roed (DYS) and Colonel Robert Watt (right), the leader of the camp.

Music Makers' Training Camp

A surprise visitor to the music camp for young people of the Southern Ontario Division at Camp Selkirk was Lieut.-Colonel Alfred Keith (R), who initiated the first music camps in the Canadian Territory.

The Territorial Youth Secretary (Major Joseph Craig) and Mrs. Craig joined the young people around the campfire on Saturday night and addressed the Sunday morning devotional meeting which was led by the Divisional Youth Secretary (Major Robert Chapman). Many young people dedicated their lives at the Mercy Seat at the close of this gathering.

The final programme and presentation of awards was held on the Sunday afternoon in a crowded camp auditorium. In addition, many persons heard the proceedings outside by means of loud speakers. Chief among the prize-winners was Starr Wombwell (Listowel), who gained the Joseph Acton Memorial Award for senior Bible studies as well as the Vince Evenden Memorial Award for singing. Major Craig announced that Starr was also the winner of the Honour Student Award and Ronald Ferris was the runner-up.

The 150 young people who participated made this the division's largest music camp for many years. It was under the leadership of Bandmaster Harold Stuck (Owen Sound) aided by faculty members who included Singing Company Leader Bert Mercer (vocal director), Mrs. Ena Kissack (timbrel), Bandmaster Reg. Broughton (instrumental) and Allan Brown (theory). Student bandmasters included William Burditt Jr., Norman Heathcote and Eric Riman. Major Ivan McNeilly was the chief counsellor and gave oversight to the daily Bible studies.

The Divisional Commander (Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Moulton) chaired one of the two public programmes presented during the week.



MARITIME H. L. CAMPS

VERSATILITY of leadership was shown by Brigadier Doris Fisher when she led the home league camp conference recently held at Northern Arm, Newfoundland. Besides profitable devotional periods, from the morning family altar to vespers, the Brigadier demonstrated various handicrafts. In addition, Mrs. Major William Davies showed slides of missionary work during one evening. The camp was directed by Mrs. Brigadier Abram Pritchett assisted by Mrs. Brigadier Charles Hickman and Mrs. Major Arthur Pike.

The theme of the home league camp for the New Brunswick and P.E.I. Division was "Pattern for Progress". Brigadier Doris Fisher was the special guest and the proceedings were under the supervision of Mrs. Brigadier James Sloan. Seven women publicly committed their lives to God during one of the devotional sessions.

'Operation One Yard', which brought in articles for sale from home league members in the division, made possible the missionary gift to Captain and Mrs. James Struthers, who this year were the camp directors before leaving for Zambia in September.

Nurses Graduate in St. John's

GRADUATION week-end at Grace Hospital, St. John's, Nfld., began at 8 a.m., on Sunday, when the graduating class and parents were guests of the hospital administration. Commissioner and Mrs. C. D. Wiseman and Colonel and Mrs. W. F. Ross were special guests, the Commissioner bringing a timely message.

At 10:15 a.m. the 69 members of the graduating class, joined by 150 students and staff, were led on their usual divine service parade by St. John's Citadel Band to the Canon Stirling Auditorium,

where Commissioner and Mrs. Wiseman, supported by Colonel and Mrs. Ross and Brigadier Mary E. Lydall (Hospital Administrator), conducted the special baccalaureate service. The nurses' choral group, led by Mrs. Alice M. Lydall, A.T.C.L., provided the vocal selection.

A repetition of the morning parade took place at 6 p.m., when the nurses and staff marched to Gower Street United Church. Mrs. Violet Ruelokke, Director of Nursing, and Miss Sandra Taylor read the Scripture lessons. Briga-

dier Lydall sang "My Sanctuary" and the choral group presented a selection. The Rev. Dr. A. E. Kewley, minister of the church, addressed the nurses.

Commissioner Wiseman presided over the graduating exercises on Monday in the Canon Stirling Auditorium. Miss Lenora Lundrigan, a graduating nurse, read from the Scriptures, the nurses' choral group sang and Dr. H. J. Warrick, Medical Director, led the graduating class in the Florence Nightingale Pledge.

The graduation ceremony, consisting of presentation of graduates, diplomas and school pins, was performed by Mrs. V. Ruelokke, Director of Nursing. Mrs. Commissioner Wiseman gave the prayer of dedication.

Brigadier Lydall presented the special awards to: Mary Senior, Berelyann Pretty, Jeanette Vincent, Mrs. Lillian Wight Budden, Miss Marguerite Riggs, Miss Betty Peddle and Mrs. Geraldine Hooper Yan. The valedictory was given by Miss Marguerite Riggs.

Special mention was made by the Commissioner of Mrs. Alice Lydall, eighty-five-year-old mother of the Hospital Administrator, who this year will retire from her ten years' leadership of the nurses' choral group.



The 1968 graduating class at the Army's Grace Hospital, St. John's, Newfoundland

The Drift to the Suburbs

What can be done when a changed residential pattern leaves a number of corps concentrated in one area while most of those who belong to them have moved many miles away? What can be done for the new areas without abandoning the old?

The challenge has been met in the Metro Toronto Division where these problems are being tackled in three ways.

DRASTIC surgery cannot be put off forever. Eventually it has to be undertaken and the sooner the better. The problem in Toronto, like most other western cities, is that of redundant downtown centres, consequent upon the exodus of Salvationists to the suburbs. Now there is to be action. After careful consultation with the recently formed Metro Planning Council and the officers of the corps concerned, the Divisional Commander (Lieut.-Colonel Alfred Simester) has formulated a plan which, with the approval of the Territorial Commander, is now being put into effect. The changes could be itemized as transplantation, amalgamation and adaptation.

TRANSPLANTATION has been found necessary because many of the corps in Metro Toronto are now in the wrong place. Of the city's first twenty-four corps twenty-two were still operating by 1957. All of these were situated south of Eglinton Avenue, although a greater residential area has grown north of that line. Only one of the newer corps, Willowdale, was then operating in this area. This was due north on Yonge Street. There was no Salvation Army centre in the rapidly expanding north-east until Scarborough and Cedarbrae were opened, and Rexdale is at present the only corps in the vast new area in the north-west.

During the past decade, more and more Salvationists and their families have moved out to take up residence in areas where there are no nearby corps with which they can link up; or they have felt a need to travel to the old corps down town whose existence has been threatened by a general exodus. On the other hand the character of the old district has so changed that the kind of witness made by the corps no longer effectively relates to its needs, although there are indications that this might relate to the new districts in which the soldiers of the corps are now living.

The first "transplant" along these lines was most successful. It was planned to close the old Riverdale Corps (No. 5) and relocate it at Scarborough. Ten years later that corps already has the largest Sunday school in the Canadian Territory. The senior corps is growing so rapidly that it may soon be the largest in Toronto. Happily, too, although scheduled for closure, what remained of Riverdale Corps had sufficient life left in it to adapt to the new circumstances. It still functions—with a new hall built in 1960. The work also spread out to Cedarbrae where a new and very promising corps was established in 1964.

It is now hoped that what Scarborough has become in the outlying north-eastern suburbs of To-

ronto the new Etobicoke centre will eventually be in the north-west. Already a thriving work, particularly with young people, has been established at Rexdale. To this will be added the large and well-established musical sections of Dovercourt and the families connected therewith. The old Dovercourt Corps which for long enough has been a centre to



which its soldiers commuted rather than where they lived, will be closed. The new Etobicoke building is nearing completion on a site adjacent to the present Rexdale hall. Major John Ham is supervising the work at the two centres and when the new home is ready in the fall the "marriage" of the two corps will take place.

AMALGAMATION is nothing new. There comes a time when shortage of officers and shortage of funds demand that small corps operating in the same area shall combine and use the same facilities. The increasing mobility of Salvationists has shortened distances and a "thinning out" is possible without decreasing the overall effectiveness of the witness given. Consideration is now being given to the satisfactory assimilation into surrounding corps of the soldiers of the Woodbine Corps, to the east of the city centre, and Lippincott (Toronto 2) to the west. Jane Street Corps will come under the care of West Toronto. Willowdale, with the prospect of losing its hall due to the proposed subway extension,

is seeking a site in a growing area farther north.

Granted that this thinning out and transplanting is the only rational approach to the problem, it has to be conceded that there is a danger of gradually abandoning all our down-town centres as the exodus continues. Have we no responsibility for these who move in?

ADAPTATION becomes necessary in this event. Although the change of programme took place only at the beginning of July, Toronto's oldest corps, Queen Street West, is already experiencing a new lease of life. When General Bramwell Booth opened the present building in 1924 the congregations regularly filled the place and there were good musical sections. In recent years the faithful remnant could only look back to past glories and wonder what the future would be. They

At the end of June this kind of primitive Salvationism which for several years under the direction of Brigadier Joshua Monk has been growing at the Toronto Harbour Light Centre in Jarvis Street, began to spill over into Queen Street. The old Toronto No. 1 Corps has become Toronto Harbour Light Centre No. 2. Already the seats at Sunday meetings are filled up again and a daily counselling service organized by Captain Arthur Oliver is in operation.

NEXT on the list for adaptation is the old Toronto VIII Corps. It has lost its title of Parliament Street and is now known as the Regent Park Centre. Although, because of the general exodus of Salvationist families, it has been difficult to maintain the soldiers' roll at its present level of around seventy, this is no sign of stalemate. There have been nearly a



The newly-constituted Etobicoke Corps is a "marriage" of the old-established Dovercourt Corps, whose building (right), will be surplus to requirements, and the comparatively new Rexdale Corps. After the first, temporary building (left), was dispensed with, a new hall for Rexdale was erected adjacent to the old site. This will be incorporated with the Etobicoke Corps facilities now in course of erection and the new main auditorium will be where the first temporary building formerly stood.

now have a new glimpse of this—and it is a gratifying one. As a local officer at the corps for more than fifty years puts it: "We're back to our original work."

Students of Army history well know that the reclamation of the drunkard played a prominent part in the advent of the organization in every western land. It was primarily a ministry of caring for the poor, the lowly and the destitute. While the Harbour Light work is chiefly concerned with a rehabilitation programme for the alcoholic, its daily counselling sessions, community projects and Sunday evening meetings reach out to relieve all kinds of needs. Further, converted alcoholics with their families, anxious to see the same miracle take place in the lives of others, help to make a spiritual home for many who might be less at ease in what has become the more traditional Army corps.

hundred seekers in the past year, but most of them are transients. Some 300 children are on the rolls of the various sections of a healthy young people's corps, but few have an Army background. There are also plenty of opportunities in the area for a comprehensive ministry of compassion.

A counselling service similar to that now operating at the two Harbour Light centres is envisaged. Six married couples on the soldiers' roll have committed themselves to one night a week on follow-up visitation. Their Commanding Officer, Captain William Wilson, hopes that Salvationists from other centres in Toronto, while worshipping in their own corps on Sundays, will be prepared to help out with weekday activities. This presents a challenge to many under-employed Salvationists in the city.

Captain Bent Hougesen who, (Continued on page 10)

The Call to Preach

I WAS converted on February 14th, 1919. That night I felt that I was the happiest boy in the world!

In the year 1925 I heard Colonel Thomas Cloud preach on holiness of heart. During the course of his message he left the platform, came down to where I was sitting, put his hand on my head and said: "Young man, God will call you to preach one of these days." My heart was strangely moved as never before.

I followed my career as a fisherman, but at times an almost overpowering realization of the despair of lost souls would come upon me, so that I felt I must break away to rescue them. Finally I told my parents of my conviction that I should become a Salvation Army officer. They assured me that if I obeyed the call of God I would have a very fruitful ministry.

I knew well my deficiencies in education and training, but I remembered the words of Scripture: "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty".

Two months after entering the training college I went sick with rheumatic fever, and for four months was seriously ill. But my recovery was speedy. Although, because of my illness, I had hardly any training whatsoever, I was sure that God had called me to preach.

On July 4th, 1927, I was told to report to St. John's to be commissioned next day. I received my orders to proceed to Norris Arm to open a corps there. I had not preached a sermon before, neither had I given a testimony in public. But I made a full surrender to God, and I realized that my tongue belonged to Him, to be used when and in whatsoever way He should order.

First Witness

The test soon came. Before my first Sunday in my corps I attended a meeting in the little Methodist Church in the community. The minister called upon me to speak. I was convinced it was my duty to do so. Satan whispered of sure defeat and failure but, with beating heart and trembling body, I stood to my feet, saying inwardly, "I will stand and make an effort if I die in the attempt". The Master knew that my few faltering words were the sealing of a covenant.

Since then sometimes the Spirit of God has given perfect liberty, sometimes it has been withheld, but in any case my heart has said: "Yea Lord, I will gladly be accounted a fool for Thy sake". During more than forty years of my officership, God has blessed

me with some exceptional experiences. There have been times when I have been merely a spectator, watching God pour His Holy Spirit into the hearts of thousands of souls. There were times when He has spoken to me in an audible voice, leading me to a soul in need.

THE first corps after our marriage was at Hants Harbour. It was in a difficult condition with just a remnant of the soldiery left. An old Envoy called to see us soon after our arrival. He knew the problems we had to contend with, and after a short conversation knelt by a piece of our luggage to pray for us and the corps. I shall never forget that prayer and his face, lit up with the glory of the Lord. I realized then that a great soul was among that small remnant.

The small number of people who gathered for our first meeting was very disappointing. I prayed: "Oh God, if I cannot preach these problems down then I will try by Your help to live them down."

One day, a few weeks later, my wife asked me to go to the well for a pail of water. While I was drawing this a Voice spoke very distinctly to me, saying: "You are doing the King's business, and the King's business requires haste. Go at once to the home of Mr. Hammond and pray with him." I looked around, thinking that someone had been at our quarters to see

BRIGADIER GEORGE WHEELER, a veteran Newfoundland officer, relates some thrilling experiences which came through his obedience to the promptings of the Holy Spirit.

me, and that Mrs. Wheeler had sent the caller to find me at the well. When I returned with the water I told my wife that I had no time to eat my dinner then, as God had given me an important message to deliver to Mr. Hammond.

I went directly to his home. I told him I had no time for a conversation, but that I had a special message for him from the Lord. I delivered the message, came home, ate my dinner and went out to do some visitation. At one o'clock next morning I was awakened by a loud knocking on the side of our quarters, right beneath the room where we were sleeping. The caller proved to be one of our men Salvationists who had come to tell me that Mr. Hammond was on his knees pleading with God to save him. After a long and hard struggle, though he was repentant and humble, he was gloriously saved.

Through his conversion the Holy Spirit began to work in strange and remarkable ways.



I was awakened by a loud knocking

The fires of revival began to break out here and there. The corps grew strong and virile, with the hall becoming far too small to accommodate the crowds who came to make their commitments to the Lord.

It all happened at the well where I was directed by the Holy Spirit, and by my obedience to His voice, for I had been praying for weeks that the Holy Spirit would lead me to some Lazarus who had long been dead in sin and trespasses to be aroused out of his sleep of sin, and it was to this man that God led me.

A SIMILAR sequence of events took place when we were stationed at Twillingate. Visitation was difficult, as the soldiers and

were joined by another man. I read just three verses from the New Testament, sang a chorus over twice, prayed with him, and soon he was trying to show his joy of salvation by waving his hand. We rose from our knees and the three of us walked down the road together out to the wharf, where they boarded their little decked-in boat and set out for their home some ninety miles away.

I met the brother a month later. He told me that the sick man had died with a strong faith in God and had urged his brother to call to see me to tell me that it must have been God who sent me up that road that day, for otherwise he would have died not knowing the way of salvation.

In April, 1964, I underwent surgery for what I thought was only a minor problem. But it was otherwise; I was suffering from a serious illness. I was given one year to live. The doctor said I could possibly live a little longer than that. I am now on my fifth year, having undergone fourteen operations since that first one. In the days of suffering and trial, two mighty words have been stamped upon my life "God's property". How sacred are the memories of those days with Jesus, working with Him, seeing souls kneeling at the Cross! When the tempter questions, "Why this suffering and expense?", the Spirit answers for "the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth". Thus for the perishable I have exchanged the incorruptible and "which fadeth not away".

MUCH of my time I am confined to bed, and a good deal of it in hospital, but I believe that God has a purpose in it. Perhaps I was growing a little lax in my devotional life, and needed just to be reminded that my greatest business is to keep in touch with the Master. I have great peace in anticipating not death, but life unfettered by a sickness and aching body. I do not feel that God is taking from me; He is leading me on where He can give me an

(Continued on page 10)

ONTARIO YOUTH LEADERSHIP SEMINAR

DATE: Saturday, September 7th
TIME: 9:30 a.m. to 6:45 p.m.

LOCATION:

SCARBOROUGH CITADEL HALL
2011 Lawrence Ave. East
Scarborough, Ont.

SPECIAL GUESTS:

Brigadier & Mrs. Edward Deratany
Professor Elmer Towns

THOSE ELIGIBLE: All Y.P.S.-Ms, their assistants, departmental leaders, Record Sergeants, Y.P. Treasurers and corps officers.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th:

Brigadier & Mrs. Deratany
a.m.—Scarborough
p.m.—North Toronto
Professor Elmer Towns
a.m.—Danforth
p.m.—Scarborough

Drugs

(Continued from page 6)

as the common analgesics (aspirin — phenacetin). Even these simple household remedies can be misused by thoughtless, excessive consumption. Innocent preparations, if taken to excess may cause physical disturbances, such as kidney damage, gastric ulceration with bleeding and blood disorders.

In this connection, it is legitimate to mention cigarette smoking and alcohol. Although to a Salvationist, both these practices are proscribed, yet to the majority of people, including many Christians, both these practices are followed with impunity, if strictly observed in the boundaries of prudent usage. Both nicotine and alcohol are, however, drugs and have a drug-like action and both are open to abuse leading to addiction.

British Youth Congress

(Continued from page 2)

axing Youth Year in the British Territory. An international flavour was given by the presence of singers from Stockholm I and Stockholm VII Corps, rhythm groups from Stockholm, Solingen (Germany), and Amsterdam Congress Hall, Hengelo, Apeldoorn and The Bergen I Young People's Band. The San Francisco Tabrettes (timbrel group) were there as well as numerous young people from other lands.

The groups were featured in a "Welcome to Britain" festival at the Royal Albert Hall. British corps cadets, who later took part in the youth congress in Sweden, led the united Bible reading. Another big event was held at the Westminster Central Hall when the Rt. Hon. Quintin Hogg, Q.C., M.P., was chairman for a panel discussion between young people representing the Methodist, Quaker, Baptist, Anglican, Salvationist and Roman Catholic

in spite of time-consuming medical studies at the University of Toronto, gave excellent service in command of the Jane Street Corps, is now assisting Captain Wilson particularly in work among teenagers. It is hoped that the Army combo groups in the city, especially those who find the scope for their activities is limited in their own corps, will be able to promote this valuable means of outreach among young people until such time as the centre has its resident group.

THE Army began as a mission to the poor. The converts and the soldiers were mostly poor and after their conversion they began to visit the sick and the lonely, manned the food kitchens and helped in the organization of other schemes of social welfare. But not all were of the labouring and artisan classes. From its earliest days there have been people well educated, and often moderately wealthy, who worked alongside them. Some became Salvationists, some retained their church affiliations.

But, as these working-class soldiers bettered their position and gave their children higher education, the families climbed the social scale and moved out to suburbs where there was little need of social welfare. But forty to sixty years ago, before the advent of radio and TV, there was a cultural lack in lower middle class homes. The Army's musical sections, already established as a fruitful form of attraction, became a means of mutual enrichment. The "music-hall" type of programme developed in the inner city became the "concert" type of the suburbs. Thousands were attracted and won for God and the Army by musical festivals; hundreds of Salvationists became highly proficient in musical skills as at one time they de-

Drift to the Suburbs

(Continued from page 8)

veloped the technique of tackling drunks.

But the outward exodus continued. Salvationist families moved out to yet better districts. The inner suburbs lost their status. They became "down-town" with downtown needs. Loyal to the old corps, the exiled Salvationists commuted between it and their homes; but somehow the joyful music did not have the desired effect upon the new residents of the old streets. Anyway, now that the best of music is available to all, the Army's musical culture, predominantly brass, is possibly much less appreciated anywhere.

This may be an over-simplification and there are, of course, other factors, but the adoption of a form of social welfare at the old Queen Street and Parliament Street Corps in Toronto would seem to be a return to the Army's original method of making the gospel of Christ relevant to the needs of today.

Perhaps Scarborough and Etobicoke have bigger problems of communication facing them. The needs of people around Regent Park and Jarvis Street are plain to see. Yet the news leaks out from time to time that the comfortable outer suburbs hide the same problems of loneliness, domestic strife, alcoholism and juvenile delinquency. The true Salvationist cannot be content to worship in a beautiful corps hall along with comrades with the same Army culture learned in similar Army homes. His Salvationism must relate to those outside who need God and his salvation much more than they will admit. Maybe it is too early to forecast what the new approach will be.

Call to Preach

(Continued from page 9)

abundance which knows no limitations.

I am asked what are my definite views about heaven. I can answer I have none. Really all I know is that Christ has said, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am"; and, again, "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am there ye may be also." It satisfies me to know I shall be with my Lord. I believe my loved ones are with Him, and we shall meet and know each other there.

As I look back I can see God's hand
Has led me on to where I stand;
As I look toward the great unknown
My trust's in Him, in Him alone.

FOR SALE

Man's summer uniform, size 40, leg ins. seam 29½. Also Salvation Army cap, size 7½. Contact Mr. Tout, 473 Timothy St., Apt. 206, Newmarket, Ont. (Telephone 895-5693).

NOTES IN PASSING

Mrs. Major Fred Halliwell of Toronto Temple has been bereaved of her mother who passed away in Sweden.



Commissioner and Mrs. C. Wiseman

Camp Lake Wisconsin, Fri.-Mon., Aug. 30-Sept. 2; Winnipeg, Fri.-Sat., Sept. 6-7 (Graduation of Nurses); Winnipeg Citadel, Sun., Sept. 8 (a.m.); St. James, Sun., Sept. 8 (p.m.); London, Thurs., Sept. 12; Toronto, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 14-15 (Cadets' Welcome); Winnipeg, Thurs.-Sun., Sept. 19-22 (Manitoba and North-West Ontario/Saskatchewan Congress); Winnipeg Harbour Light, Mon., Sept. 23; Burlington, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 28-29.

Mrs. Commissioner C. Wiseman

Hamilton, Wed., Sept. 11 (Home League Rally).

Colonel and Mrs. L. Pindred

Windsor, Citadel, Fri.-Sun., Sept. 6-8; Orillia, Thurs., Sept. 19; New Liskeard, Fri., Sept. 20; *Timmins, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 21-22; Kirkland Lake, Mon., Sept. 23; North Bay, Tues., Sept. 24.
*Mrs. Pindred will not accompany.

Mrs. Colonel L. Pindred

West Toronto, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 21-22.
Colonel and Mrs. George Higgins: Corner Brook Temple, Sun., Sept. 15 (a.m.); Corner Brook East, Sun., Sept. 15 (p.m.); Deer Lake, Mon., Sept. 16; Springdale, Tues., Sept. 17; Grand Falls, Wed., Sept. 18; Botwood, Thurs., Sept. 19; Windsor, Fri., Sept. 20; Hare Bay, Sun., Sept. 22 (a.m.); Gamba, Sun., Sept. 22 (p.m.); Lewisporte, Mon., Sept. 23; Twillingate, Tues., Sept. 24; Gander, Thurs., Sept. 26; Glovertown, Fri., Sept. 27; St. John's Temple, Sun., Sept. 29 (a.m.); St. John's Citadel, Sun., Sept. 29 (p.m.).

Colonel and Mrs. Frank Moulton: West Toronto, Sun., Sept. 15.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Morgan Flannigan: Picton, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 14-15.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. William Poulton: Toronto Harbour Light, Sun., Sept. 15.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. G. Roberts: Collingwood, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 21-22; Fort Erie, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 28-29.

Brigadier and Mrs. Cyril Fisher: Oshawa, Sun., Sept. 29.

Brigadier Doris Fisher: Dunsmuir, Sun., Sept. 8; St. Thomas, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 14-15; Donforth, Sun., Sept. 29.

Brigadier and Mrs. Leslie Titcombe: Nanaimo, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 21-22.

TERRITORIAL EVANGELISTS—

Major and Mrs. George Clarke: New Glasgow, Thurs.-Thurs., Sept. 5-12; Fredericton, Sun.-Sun., Sept. 15-22; St. John, Tues.-Wed., Sept. 24-25.

Captain William Clarke: Newlands, Bermuda, Sat.-Fri., Aug. 31-Sept. 6; Hamilton Citadel, Sat.-Fri., Sept. 7-13; St. Georges, Sat.-Fri., Sept. 14-20; Somerset, Sat.-Fri., Sept. 21-27; Cedar Hill, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 28-29.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS

PROMOTION

To be Major

Captain and Mrs. Ernest Ibbotson

ADMITTED TO THE LONG SERVICE

ORDER

Mrs. Major Curtis Keeping

RETIREMENT FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Brigadier Gertrude Bradley, out of Kerrobert, Saskatchewan, in 1928. Last appointment Matson Lodge, Victoria, B.C., on August 1st, 1968.

Clarence Wiseman

Territorial Commander.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

Brigadier Harvey Legge of Territorial Headquarters was promoted to Glory from the St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, on Friday, August 16th. A tribute to his life and service will be published in an early issue of "The War Cry".

MUSICAL notes

De'Ath Scholarship Established

PIANIST Stan De'Ath of Danforth (Toronto) lived in a world of music and loved it. People admired him for his sensitive talent, wondered at his never-ceasing striving for perfection, respected him for his devotion to God and The Salvation Army and loved him for the great pleasure his music brought into their lives.

When Stan died at the age of fifty-three last fall, Colonel Leslie Pindred spoke these words: "He is making music in heaven today."

It would never have been possible to forget Stan, the quiet, utterly dependable, kind man who accompanied Danforth Songsters for eight years, who travelled across Canada with soloists from many corps, who was always in demand and always available for Army functions on radio, television and in major cities. He left so many memories for all of us. But in the hearts of his friends the desire was to weld these memories into a tangible tribute to Stan's life . . . and to his music.

And so next year, and for the next ten years, a serious piano student will be honoured by achieving the Stan De'Ath Memorial Scholarship — valued at over \$100—at the crucial time in the period of studying when one of the greatest problems is the financial one.

Stan, who received his A.T.C.M. during the war-stricken year of 1944, often expressed concern over promising young students who could not complete studies because of inability to meet tuition fees.

The scholarship, to be operated by the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto, was accepted by the Registrar, Mr. Warren Mould during a memorial recital, given by Stan's pupils and other music students at Danforth Citadel.

Stan's wife, Olive, and teen-aged son, Leslie, himself an accomplished pianist, were present in the crowded auditorium witnessing the moving tribute to husband and father.

A grand piano stood bordered by floral bouquets and a single reading lamp spotlighted the young people whom he had taught to love music and who paid their simple tribute as they played.

When Danforth Songster Mrs. Jean Sharp and bandsman Victor Crouch announced plans for the scholarship some months ago they had expectations of \$750 donations to meet the 10-year-scholarship requirements. Money now received is around \$1,300.

When the fund closes plans will be made for the additional monies to be used to Stan De'Ath's memory.

Many words have been spoken of Stan by those greatly involved in his life and music and those who felt they knew the man because they were stirred by his talent. None were as touching as the simplicity of an elderly couple, contributors to the scholarship, who said:

"He blessed us so . . . he made his music a wonderful experience for us."

—Sheena Paterson



A photo of the talented musician, Stan De'Ath, in whose memory a scholarship has been established.

"This is my Story..."

Captain Pamela Woods reviews a publication by Jerome Hines

"THIS account is not meant to be a literary masterpiece . . . I wanted this true-life story to bear the simple ring of conviction and sincerity that can emerge only if it is recalled and told in the first person as it actually happened." This statement in the preface by the author, Jerome Hines, prepares the reader for what follows in the interesting book, *This is my story*.

The purpose of this book is obviously to share the spiritual pilgrimage made by Jerome Hines and how this related to his profession as an opera singer. When read with this in view, the book is interesting and personal.

In order that the reader might understand the full significance of later spiritual events, Jerome Hines gives some details of his early life when, by an apparent

chance suggestion, he was led to take singing lessons. Vivaly interested in chemistry and planning to further his studies in this field, it came as a shock to discover he had an unusually good singing voice. Trying to combine science and singing (and succeeding in both), Jerome felt he had no need of a personal God. His life was before him and the future was bright. Underneath all this, there was a mysterious "something" for which he was searching. How he found this "something" (who turned out to be "Someone"—God) is unusual.

A dream, followed by direct communication with God, led Jerome Hines step by step into a deep relationship with his Creator which affected his whole life. The opportunities of working with men from the Skid Rows of the world, witnessing through his work on the stage and a complete dependence upon God broadened his vision and strengthened his faith. How God opened doors in seemingly impossible situations was remarkable.

This book may not be a literary masterpiece, but it is a strong proof that God is still at work in people's lives. It also shows that God deals with each person as an individual, for what happened to Jerome Hines would not necessarily happen to another. As the title *This is my story* suggests, he discovered the main purpose of his life to be "Praising my Saviour all the day long". Published in Canada by G. R. Welch Company Ltd., this book is available through The Salvation Army Trade Department, 259 Victoria St., Toronto 2, Ont.

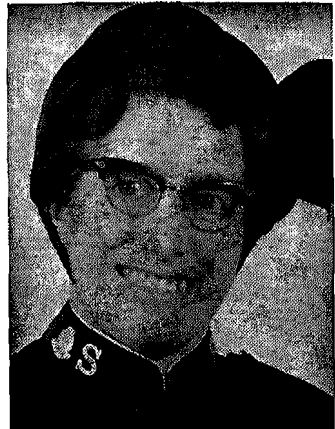


Ottawa's Parkdale Citadel Band presents the gospel message in music and song for elderly residents of the New Orchard Lodge in that city.

home page



WOMEN talk



Featuring this week
MRS. MAJOR FRED HOWLETT
Hamilton, Ont.

GARDENS

☆☆ In the summer we love to sit in our gardens, and look at the flowers of various kinds and wonder at the beauty of God's creation.

Garden is a word of beauty. When we think of it we have a vision of blooming flowers, green shrubs, and perhaps a silvery fountain. We think of a place of rest, where birds sing and winds whisper.

Gardens figure prominently in the Scriptures. "The Lord planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there He put man whom He had formed" (Gen. 2:8). Thus man's first home was in a place of beauty and usefulness, for he was put "into the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it" (Gen. 2:15).

Because of man's disobedience this garden of beauty and perfection became a garden of defeat. When God created this garden, He intended that man would sow the seeds of love, goodness and joy, but, instead, man in his search for power came upon other seeds and thought he would try them. So into God's beautiful garden grew doubt, confusion, fear, hatred and greed, and instead of the peace intended there came the harvest of strife.

The Christian can know the peace of God's garden. A friend has just given me a plaque for our garden and it reads: "The kiss of the sun for pardon, the song of the birds for mirth, you are nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth."

FORGET-ME-NOTS

☆☆ "Forget not all His benefits"—It is impossible to remember all of them, for they are more numerous than the sands upon the seashore. They are showered upon us daily—morning, noon and night. As we think what our God is to us, and of what He has done for us, we cannot help exclaiming: "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

But while we cannot remember all His benefits, we will remember some. We are reminded of a few in Psalm 103. Many of them begin with the letter P. (1) PARDON—"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities." These are not only forgotten, but forever put away "as far as the east is from the west." (2) PURITY—"Who healeth all thy diseases." (3) PRESERVATION—"Who redeemeth thy life from destruction." (4) PARENTAL PROTECTION—"Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness." Many friends can show us kindness, but it is the parent who can show "love and kindness" and our God both loves and pities "like as a father." Then comes

(5) PERFECT AND PERPETUAL PLEASURE—"Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things." These are some of the Lord's benefits, and as we remember them we call upon all within us to bless and praise "His holy name."

"Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!"

A VIRTUOUS WOMAN

She is loyal to her husband.
She is faithful in her home.
She is tireless in her responsibilities.
She is generous toward the needy.
She is fearless about circumstances.
She is honest in business matters.
She is secured for the future.
She is wise in her utterances.
She is dependable in daily duties.
She is praised by her children.
She is beautiful in her conduct.
She is appreciated by her neighbours.
(Based on Proverbs 31:10-13)

MEALS OF LONG AGO

☆☆ The Bible gives many interesting accounts of meals served to the people of God. There were the meals served to the Children of Israel in the wilderness. Someone has said that the menu was "honey and waffles for breakfast, and quail on toast for supper". The Bible story shows God's care and concern for His people as He sent food for them.

In the New Testament we read about the feeding of the five thousand in the desert when Jesus multiplied the five loaves and two fishes. After feeding all the people, Jesus asked His disciples to gather up the left-over food. Enough fragments of food were found to fill twelve baskets.

There was the Passover feast which Jesus ate with the twelve apostles in the Upper Room, followed by the Last Supper. What a source of inspiration this has been for all Christians!

Before Jesus ascended into heaven, He went one morning to the Galilean shore where He could see some of the disciples fishing. Then He prepared breakfast and called to the fishermen, "Come and dine." Jesus ate with the disciples.

The invitation is still extended to all people. "Come and dine" at the spiritual table prepared by the Lord. Whosoever will may come!

MINUTES OF GOLD

Two or three minutes—two or three hours, What do they mean in this life of ours? Not very much if counted as time, But minutes of gold and hours sublime, If only we use them once in awhile To make someone happy—make someone smile.

A minute may dry a little boy's tears, An hour sweep aside the trouble of years. Minutes of time may bring to an end Hopelessness somewhere, and bring me a friend.

A DELICIOUS RECIPE

☆☆ I was privileged to attend the Northern Ontario Home League Camp. While there, we were given a number of things, including a recipe book which was new to me. I have been trying a few dainties, quite different from the meals of long ago. Here is one of the new recipes:

HEAVENLY PINEAPPLE SQUARES

Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour

Cream butter and sugar, mix in flour until crumbs are formed, then blend well with hands to form a soft dough. Press evenly into 9x9x2 inch pan. Prick pastry with fork. Bake 15 minutes or until crust begins to form. Remove from oven. While crust is baking, prepare topping:

1 cup well drained, canned, crushed pineapple,
 $\frac{1}{4}$ 15 oz. can Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed milk.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups desiccated coconut.

Spread drained pineapple evenly on hot crust. Blend condensed milk, vanilla and coconut together, spoon evenly over pineapple. Return to oven and cook 30 minutes longer. Cool and cut in 1-inch squares.

A CLOSING THOUGHT

☆☆ Give lavishly! Live abundantly! The more you give, the more you get . . . The more you laugh, the less you fret . . . The more you do unselfishly, the more you live abundantly . . . The more of everything you share, the more you'll always have to spare . . . The more you love, the more you'll find . . . That life is good and friends are kind . . . For only what we give away . . . Enriches us from day to day.
—Helen Steiner Rice.

MAGAZINE features

TOTEM TALES

FOR many centuries prior to its discovery by Europeans, the coast of British Columbia was the home of a large population of native Indian people. Isolated by great mountain ranges and broad expanses of ocean, they were almost completely unaffected by the rise of civilizations elsewhere.

They were a vigorous and inventive people, living in an environment of great beauty and richness, and they readily developed an advanced and complex pattern of living distinctively their own. Probably the best-known accomplishment of the coastal Indians was their highly sophisticated style of art, which has come to be recognized as one of the great art styles of the world. It found its most striking expression in the great carved and painted wooden columns—the totem-poles!

The totem was the British Columbia Indians' "coat of arms", and is unique to the north-west coast of British Columbia and lower Alaska. Carved from western red cedar, each tells of a real or mythical event. It should be pointed out that the totem-poles were never worshipped and had nothing to do with religion.

It was from the mythology and legendary history of the Indians that the figures carved on totem-poles were drawn, representing birds, animals and spirits. Figures half-human and half-animal represented spirits capable of appearing in either form. Most tribes had a story wherein a remote ancestor encountered a spirit and, after a series of hair-raising adventures, earned the right to use it as the badge of his family.

A child can read a story he knows by looking at the pictures in his favourite book. A totem is read in much the same manner. A knowledge of Indian mythology and art will take the observer a good part of the way in interpreting totem-poles. Each pole shows a series of representations of characters from the mythology and legendary history of the owner's tribe and family. Although sometimes human beings are represented, most of the characters are fairly well-known animals which served the natives as crests, and they can usually be recognized by certain conventional identifying features which are always present.

The familiar thunderbird was a mythological bird who was the creator and controller of all elements and spirits. When he flew, the flapping of his wings caused the thunder and the flashing of his eyes, the lightning. His diet consisted of killer whales, and he made his home in the highest mountains.

The raven is credited with giving the light, fire and water to the Indians, and was said to possess the power to change at will to animal form or to that of a human being. The raven can be recognized on a pole by his long beak.

Black fish and whales were much dreaded as the Indians believed they would purposely attack the canoes of the coast tribes, often capsizing them and drowning the occupants. Some tribes depicted the whale as a symbol of great strength and bravery, but among the coastal tribes it was also used as a symbol of evil.

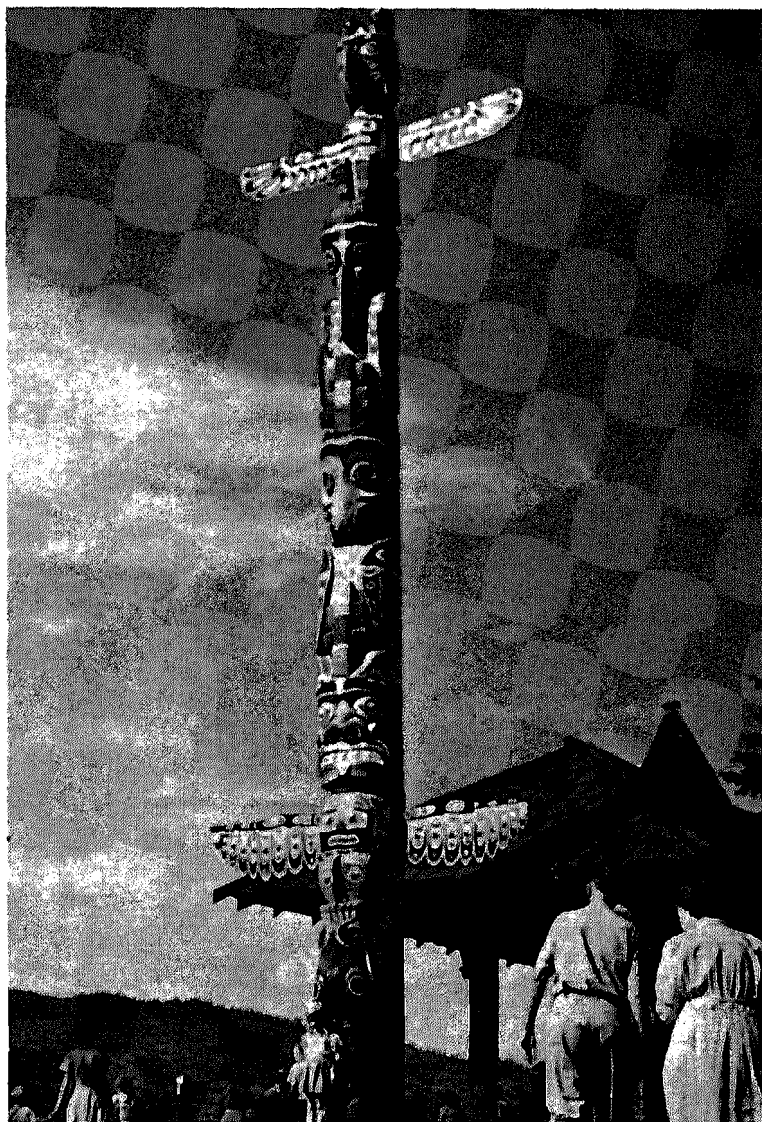
The eagle symbolized great wisdom and power, the salmon spoke of abundance, while the goat was chiefly used as a crest by the mountain people, and symbolized kindness. When strangers approached a village, the croaking of the frog would serve as a warning. Thus the frog was taken as a guardian symbol.

Several Types

There are several types of totems, of which "houseposts" and "memorial" poles were the most common. These were erected to carry tribal emblems, to mark historic events and to commemorate departed chieftains, just as we today fly national flags, build triumphal arches and erect suitable statues.

The "housepost" proclaimed the social standing of a family, and was often attached to the front of the house. An oval-shaped opening was made in the base, just large enough to admit one person at a time, and this served as the main entrance. "Memorial" and "heraldic" poles usually stood free of the house-front, displaying crests or other carvings of the owner or his predecessor. "Mortuary poles" were constructed to hold the remains of the dead, and stood in front of the houses or in special areas at the end of the village.

Making a totem might take from six months to a year—ample



Stately totem graces Prospect Point in Vancouver's famous Stanley Park.

time to arrange a lavish erection ceremony and allow the good news to reach most distant tribes. A suitable cedar was felled, then hollowed out on one side, which lightened it for transportation and, to a certain extent, prevented vertical splits from marring the finished work. The log was then hauled to a spot near its appointed site.

A man seldom, if ever, carved his own totem-pole. Instead he hired others, usually chiefs of other clans, who in turn supervised the carving and erection of the pole. For these services the owner was expected to pay generously at a great potlatch when the pole was erected. At this time he proclaimed his right to the ownership of the crests on the pole by relating his family traditions.

When the totem was finally completed, guests assembled from near and far for the potlatch and dedication ceremony. Following a brief memorial service to the late chief, the raising of the totem-pole took place. A hole was carefully dug in the earth deep enough to provide a solid foundation. Braves lined themselves

along each side of the pole, lifting it bodily until its base was over the hole. Ropes of cedar bark were attached to the head, a roller was placed underneath and worked along until the pole rested at an angle of about thirty degrees. At a given signal the braves gave a mighty shove and a loud shout. Amid great celebrations the totem swung upwards, its base settling into the hole. A feast was then held, all the guests receiving lavish gifts from their host.

Once erected, a totem-pole could not be altered or repaired without the expense of another potlatch to explain the action. It was almost as cheap to erect a new pole, which would bring more prestige. This explains why the old poles in native villages have usually been left to decay.

Although the only persons who fully understood and appreciated a totem-pole were the owner and the people to whom he recited the traditions represented on the pole, we as outsiders can still observe and admire something of the beauty and style of art exhibited by these talented craftsmen.—B.W.

●ARMY accent

Reports from the Swinging City — 5

Strategically placed in London's West End, adjacent to Soho, centre of the night life of "the Swinging City", Regent Hall Salvationists have started to communicate with wayward youth.

WE strongly believe that it is vital for us to maintain our links with the Soho area. Our members openly appreciate the chance of talking to us on their own territory, away even from the minimum restrictions of the club itself. It gives them the chance to act as our hosts, to buy us tea and biscuits instead of vice versa.

So every Wednesday evening, and eventually on Saturday evenings as well, Peter Riddle and myself put on our Salvation Army uniforms and just wander around the streets of Soho and Covent Garden from 10:30 p.m. until 2 a.m. We give nothing away in the form of tracts, papers or invitations, but simply try to be ourselves.

Because we are already known figures, the wearing of uniform creates no barriers, but serves as a useful form of protection in what we are slowly discovering is a highly sinister square mile of London. The more we go out, the more often we are stopped by young people only too glad to acknowledge a friendly and known face.

It is interesting to note that quite a number of young people are still living rough, mainly in the Covent Garden area and in derelict sites. Their skill at finding dry beds for the night is often quite amazing; some of the most ingenious select new buildings; several sleep undisturbed in expertly chosen shop fronts around the back streets of Covent Garden. We consider it important to keep in touch with them at this street level, especially as winter approaches.

Building Relationships

This is a part of our work which we would like to expand, because it is so appreciated by the young people themselves. As yet we have not entered any of the clubs, but this is obviously the next step. Chris Reid achieved this and found club owners to be very friendly. In Soho, however, we have discovered that you just cannot live on another person's reputation. We have to build up our own relationships with these owners almost entirely from scratch. But we are sure that one day we will be able to enter these clubs quite freely.

The Rink Club has now reached an exciting point of no return --- we are now having no worries about contacting unattached youth. Instead, they contact us. Over three hundred of them have "attached" themselves to an idea --- a sponsored youth club held in Salvation Army premises. The question now facing us is whether we are prepared to make this present loose state of attachment at all positive or worth while.

and good food. This would be the pivot of our work.

But from this central group I would draw, on different days, several smaller groups of like-minded people; for instance, the few sincerely thought-out beatniks, the junkies, the younger girls and the younger boys.

I would try to encourage their positive interests by gathering together groups of those interested in painting, poetry, music and dressmaking. I was recently in-

as employment and accommodation, people who could do this sort of work against the background of a juke box or beat group and who would not resent constant failure.

All those working there would need to be made very aware of the techniques of counselling and of the particular problems facing them. They would need knowledge of how they can help drug addicts, homosexuals and lesbians as well as those who are depressed or dogged by home difficulties.

This centre would have to operate in close association with the work already being done at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The key features would have to be its complete informality of program and its total acceptance of a person's individuality, no matter how opposed this might be to what is held to be the norm.

We would need to check the dangerous tendency of trying to impose a false veneer of respectability on our members. Our experience in the Rink Club has shown, however, that even the most severely unattached respond to simple human qualities of trust and respect; they are quite prepared to belong to this microcosm of society.

Such a centre would, I believe, persuade the unattached young people who come to it that society can be accepting and patient, and so enable them to come slowly to a degree of self-realization and self-fulfilment which is at present denied to most of them. The community of ordinary people at Regent Hall has surely proved that, with God's help, even this is possible.

ALISTAIR COX describes

the exciting point of no return

The next logical step is the establishment of a permanent centre, open all week, with a central hall, several smaller rooms and toilet facilities (At present three hundred young people are using a single lavatory). In this centre I would expect to continue the idea of a highly informal weekly club with an entirely open membership. I would insist that this be as good a club as possible, with good surroundings, good music

interested to see, for example, that four of our dirtiest members were delighted to attend a production of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*; their enjoyment was obvious and infectious. Such groups would also heighten our level of communication with the individual members.

To this highly informal centre I would hope to see appointed people qualified to give advice about such immediate problems



Korean viewpoint

Candid comments from the Territorial Commander for Korea,
LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER LESLIE RUSHER

IN the early part of this year Salvationists at Guelph, Ont., studied Salvation Army work in various countries, during their mid-week Bible study meeting. Songster Leader Wm. Coutts sent several questions to the Territorial Commander for Korea, Lieut.-Commissioner Leslie Rusher, whose answers are given below:

Question: What is the present position of The Salvation Army in Korea?

Answer: The Salvation Army in Korea in 1968 works in four fields: evangelical, social, educational and medical. It is optimistic and active. This year marks sixty years since the first officers arrived in Seoul to begin Army warfare. The public regards The Salvation Army as a group of people who do the work of a relief agency, while they preach the gospel. The Salvation Army is not clearly understood by the 30 million South Koreans, mainly because we have no Army literature to distribute in the Korean language. The Army is rated highly by the government and has the confidence of people on all levels of society.

Question: Do you find an ever-increasing turning to or away from God by various age groups?

Answer: We find a ready response by all age groups. If we had the money we could win thousands for Christ and make them into Army soldiers. In Korea we dare not make an appeal for candidates because we could not accommodate them in the training college. The response to a call for candidates would be overwhelming. At present we have nineteen cadets crammed into the college and most of them were in charge of corps before

entering training. Officers here are well-educated and have varying standards of theological degrees and diplomas. There are one hundred men officers (married) and a good percentage of these have B.A., B.D., M.A., M.Th. degrees. Some of their wives also have degrees.

Question: Do you have similar problems with drug addicts and alcoholics in Korea as we do in North America?

Answer: We have problems with alcohol and drug addiction. We cannot do a great deal in the way of rescue and treatment. Again finance limits our operations. However, we do have two homes for women and these work closely with city authorities in a programme of occupational therapy.

Question: Does the Army have work among the aged, unwed mothers and similar groups?

Answer: We have one home for the aged. In Korea the family is all-important. Parents and grandparents are cared for by the children. They do not agree with the Western pattern of eventide homes. But some aged Koreans are without families and we meet the need of some of these people.

Question: Are young people turning "modern" in their thinking, music and clothes?

Answer: Modernisation is sweeping Asia. It is inevitable. It is Asia's hope. Without it Asia would perish. Koreans are modern in Korean thinking, traditional and classical in musical tastes and fast going Western in clothes.

Commissioner Rusher further commented, "... The responsibility of the 'have' territories toward the 'have-not' territories is



No easy solution

by Capt. Lloyd Hetherington
Chikankata, Zambia

THE first few weeks of term are hectic! You always seem to be in motion. One minute you are assigning a new student to his dormitory. Next it's time to brief the new prefects on their responsibilities. Then you must take a few minutes to welcome back some of the older students and find out what they did during their holidays.

Underneath this air of happy excitement one can sense a note of tragedy. Not every young person who arrives at our school in Chikankata is expected. Some have walked for miles in the vain hope that they may find a place in our secondary school. But unfortunately there are just so many places available so that only the very top students have a hope in the world of entering a secondary school. Consequently for every one we accept we must say "no" to two more.

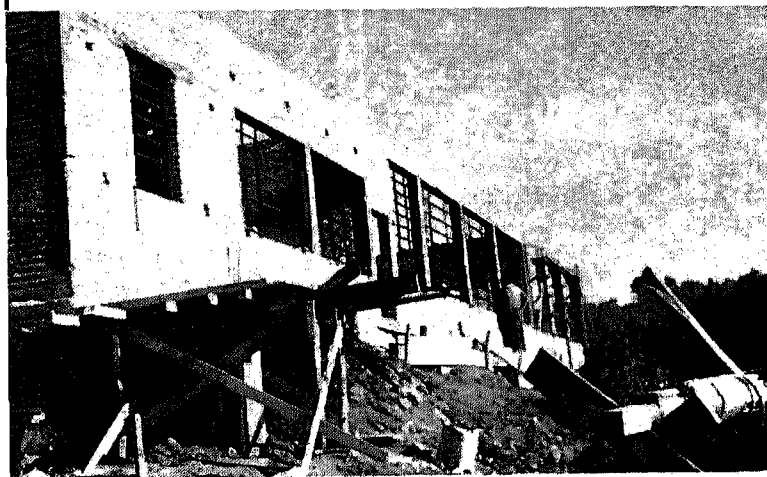
It is now more than two months since school opened (this letter was written in March) and they still arrive with a suitcase in their hand, some money in their pockets and hope in their heart. And then they depart with the words, "Sorry, no room" ringing in their ears.

To this dilemma there is no easy solution. Why not build new classes and dormitories? New buildings would certainly be an asset, but where would we get the money for capital expenditures and once having completed the task, where would we get the additional staff? Even now we suffer from the frustrating experience of wondering where we will find new replacements for those who are going on homeland furlough.

"The people want the Army. No other churches are in the area, but the Army's hands are tied because finance is lacking. Soon, for the Army, the doors will be closed and other faiths (some of them false) will take what we could have had!"

important. The mind of Christ—the world mind—must be the mind that is in us. For Salvationists our aim must always be the salvation of the world. At the points of our world-encircling battleline where big breakthroughs are possible we should pour in men and money and increase our work and influence. At the present time the breakthrough could come in the Afro-Asian sector of our Army line. Many hundreds of corps, schools, hospitals and social centres would be opened and scores of thousands (literally!) of new soldiers made if we could grasp the opportunities that are actually in existence.

BRAZILIAN YOUTH CAMP



The Salvation Army in Canada provided some assistance for the construction of a youth camp, "Valley of Blessings", in Suzano, near Sao Paulo, Brazil. These photographs show (above) the dining room, overlooking the swimming pool and (left) the dining room in construction.

2—FIGHT FOR THE FLAG

WHEN you have seen the old Standard wave nightly amidst a yelling, fiendish mob; when you have seen it still aloft in spite of every attempt to lower it—then you will understand the sacredness which hallows it to those who have such memories. A Salvation Army march without a flag seems an incomplete affair.

It did not cost much, that flag of the early days—less than £1. The night of its presentation was an exciting time. It meant that the Army was to be definitely constituted in the town. For weeks the event had been advertised, and the Salvationists were all agog.

Hidden away in the files of an ancient newspaper was a report of the meeting in which the flag was presented—evidently the Army was good “copy”. The Major was the same corybantic gentleman to whom I have already referred, and he could be depended upon to make any meeting lively.

The song with which he opened the programme has long since disappeared from our repertoire. It was set to the tune *The Campbells are coming*, and the chorus was as follows:

*The Salvation Army, I hear
people say,
Is causing much noise and
commotion today,
Picking up sinners and setting
them free;
Now, these are the things that
I do like to see.*

According to the reporter it went with gusto.

The record has it that the Major delivered an enthusiastic speech on the meaning of the flag and that his words were interrupted by numerous fervent ejaculations from the soldiers. It told of the scene when, with faces upturned and hands uplifted, the

Salvationists pledged allegiance to the flag and all it represented. They sang:

*So we'll lift up the banner on
high,
The salvation banner of love;
We'll fight beneath its colours
till we die,
Then go to our home above.*

Thank God, many of them fulfilled their pledge to the last degree.

All the while, so said the reporter, there was a hustling and a rustling among the crowd at the back of the hall, and yelling and shrieking by the mob outside, and the thudding of stones on the boarded windows.

The next night, when the corps marched with the flag at its head, one of the wildest fights the town had ever witnessed broke out. The new colours, proudly held aloft by the newly commissioned Colour Sergeant, were defended by a body of Salvation stalwarts; and only their united efforts kept them in his grasp. The flag, indeed, was in shreds where some

to continue their song. “Crikey, boys”, the mob shouted, “their old flag's gone! Who's got it?” Our Captain shouted, “Never mind, comrades, they haven't got our salvation. Sing up! Sing up!” But it was a saddened host that went down the hill to the old barracks. “The flag's gone” was the lament as they mounted the steps to the hall for the meeting.

But it hadn't! Our clerical friend had sensed that the mob would make an attempt on it as we marched through the arch; indeed, he had overheard their plotting. So, in the darkness, he had pushed his way with them, up amidst the little body of defenders—the attacking party, in the gloom, not recognizing him—

The Old Corps

By EDWARD JOY

of the “Skeletons” had managed to catch hold of the bunting; the Colour Sergeant was in a state of exhaustion as he dragged himself along to the hall. Here was something definite for the foe to attack—a trophy indeed if they could but once get it into their possession.

The hated flag

A parish clergyman offered a money prize to the first man who could bring the hated Army flag into his study. The mayor made a gift of a skull and crossbones banner to the “Skeleton Army”—the anti-Salvation Army organization. It was indeed, the Battle of the Flags.

Another clergyman, not quite so furious in his bigotry but equally ignorant of the traditions already beginning to gather around the flag, sent a message to the Captain to ask “whether the peace of the town was to be disturbed night after night for a bastard flag that represented nothing and nobody”.

A third clergyman, however, was as zealous as any Salvationist in his defence of our “piece of bunting”. He had been compelled to retire from the public service of his church owing to asthmatic trouble. But he fought for our flag!

One night there was grave consternation among the defending forces. We had marched through a long railway arch, almost tunnel-length, and the mob had shouted itself hoarse amid the echoes and darkness. One of their number had extinguished the only street lamp in the arch, and then, as we emerged from the tunnel and the Colour Sergeant went to rehoist his flag—it was gone!

The taunts of the “Skeletons” rose on high, and it took all the zeal of the Salvationists for them

and had slipped it off its pole. True, he had torn it a bit more in so doing, but rolling it into a scarf he had wrapped it around his waist and trailed along in the wake of the procession. Too asthmatic to sing or keep up with the crowd, he came along to the hall by a bypath, and, when the lamenting soldiery filed into the hall, there he was—panting and exhausted—waving the colours from the platform.

How those soldiers shouted and how the drummer thumped and the basses blared!

Soon after a new flag was presented to the corps but the new banner did not inspire our affection as did the first, old, torn, faded, filth-marked flag.

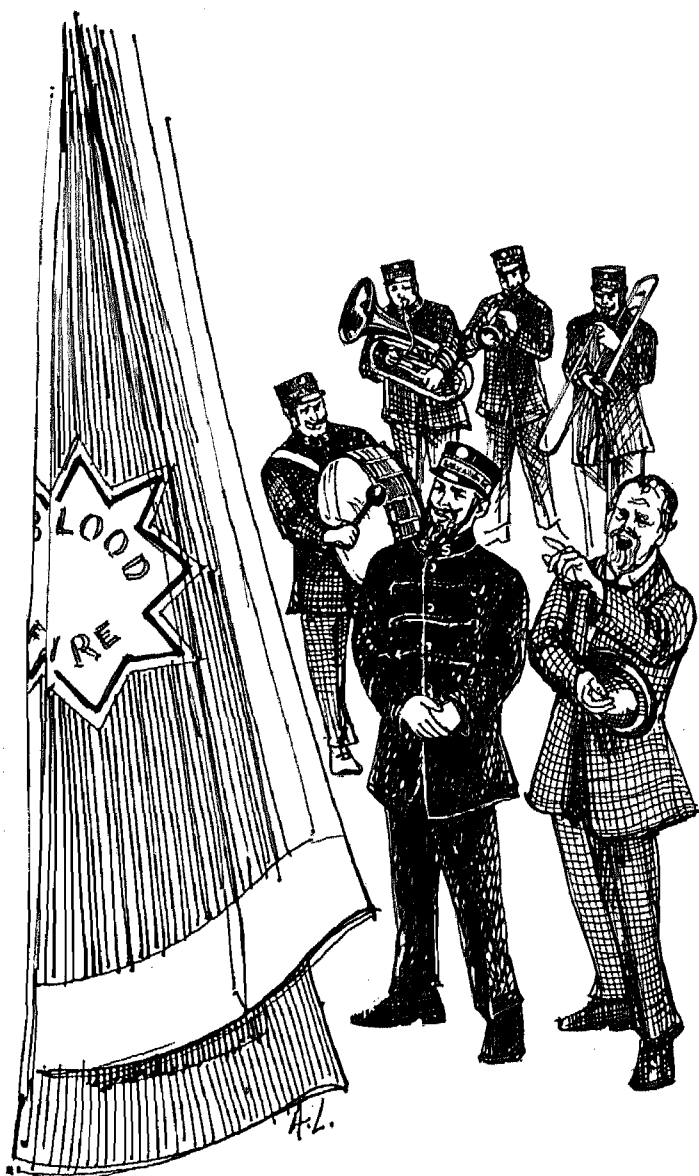
Do they love it?

Not so many years ago I was at the Old Corps for special meetings, and the Sunday morning open-air event was being held “on the front”. The flag was streaming in the Easter morning breeze, and the band was playing an Easter hymn. Suddenly among the company standing around, I espied the Rev. Mr. White, his frail form bent more than ever with physical ills, but his face still alight with the love of his Saviour. I caught him looking up at the flag—a brilliant up-to-date banner, with the name of the corps emblazoned thereon. Remembering his defence of the old flag, I moved over to speak to him.

“You're looking at the flag, Mr. White,” I said; “You were a brave defender of it in the old days.”

“Yes,” he gasped, “I'm afraid I couldn't do it now. But, tell me sir, do they think as much of the flag in these times as they used to do?”

Do we?



“But tell me sir,” he gasped, “do they think as much of the flag in these times as they used to do?”